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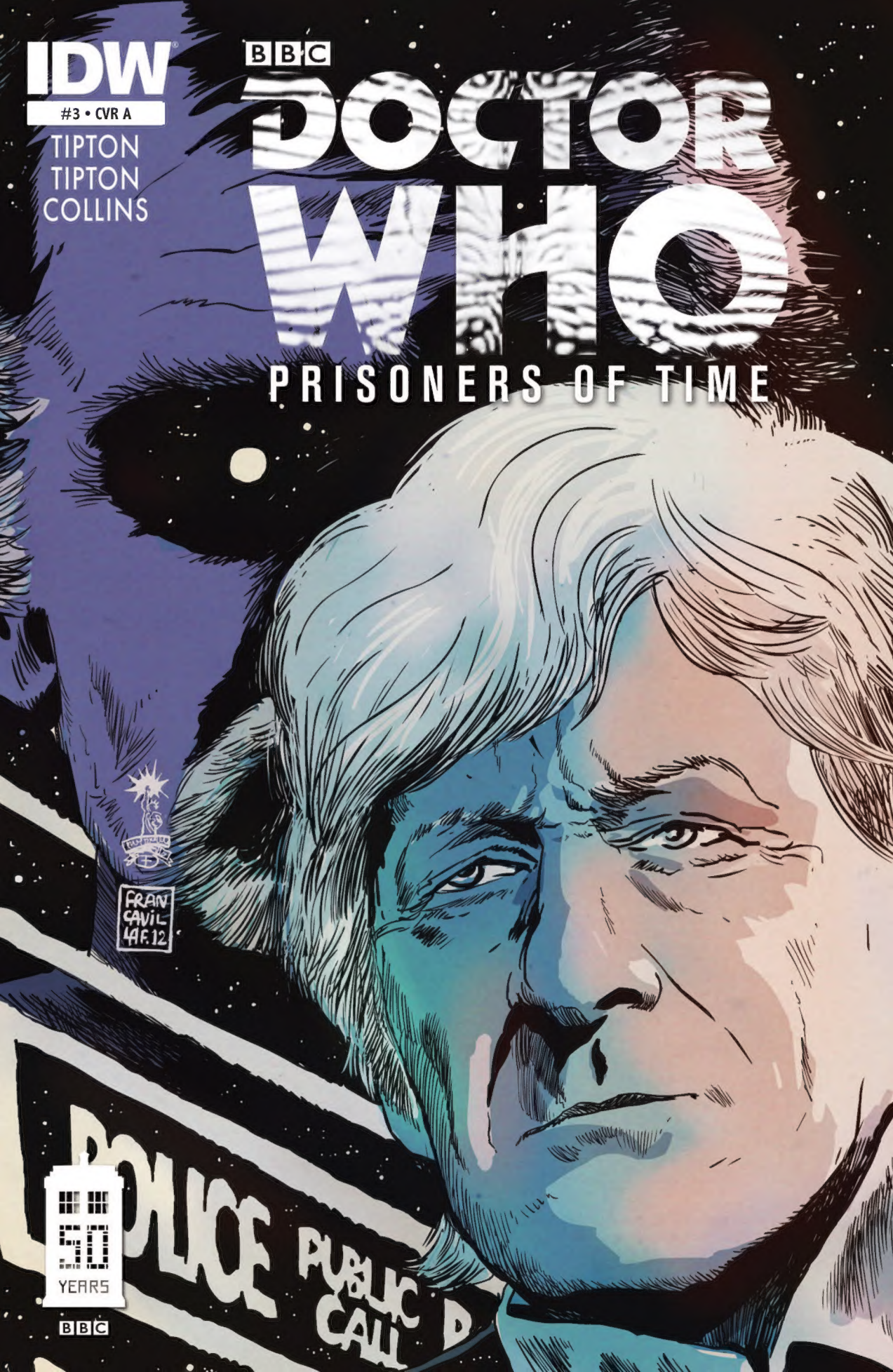
# DOCTOR WHO

## PRISONERS OF TIME




50 YEARS

BBC

BBC

# DOCTOR WHO

## PRISONERS OF TIME

3RD DOCTOR
1970 - 1974

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords of the planet Gallifrey. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed with an incredible intelligence. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.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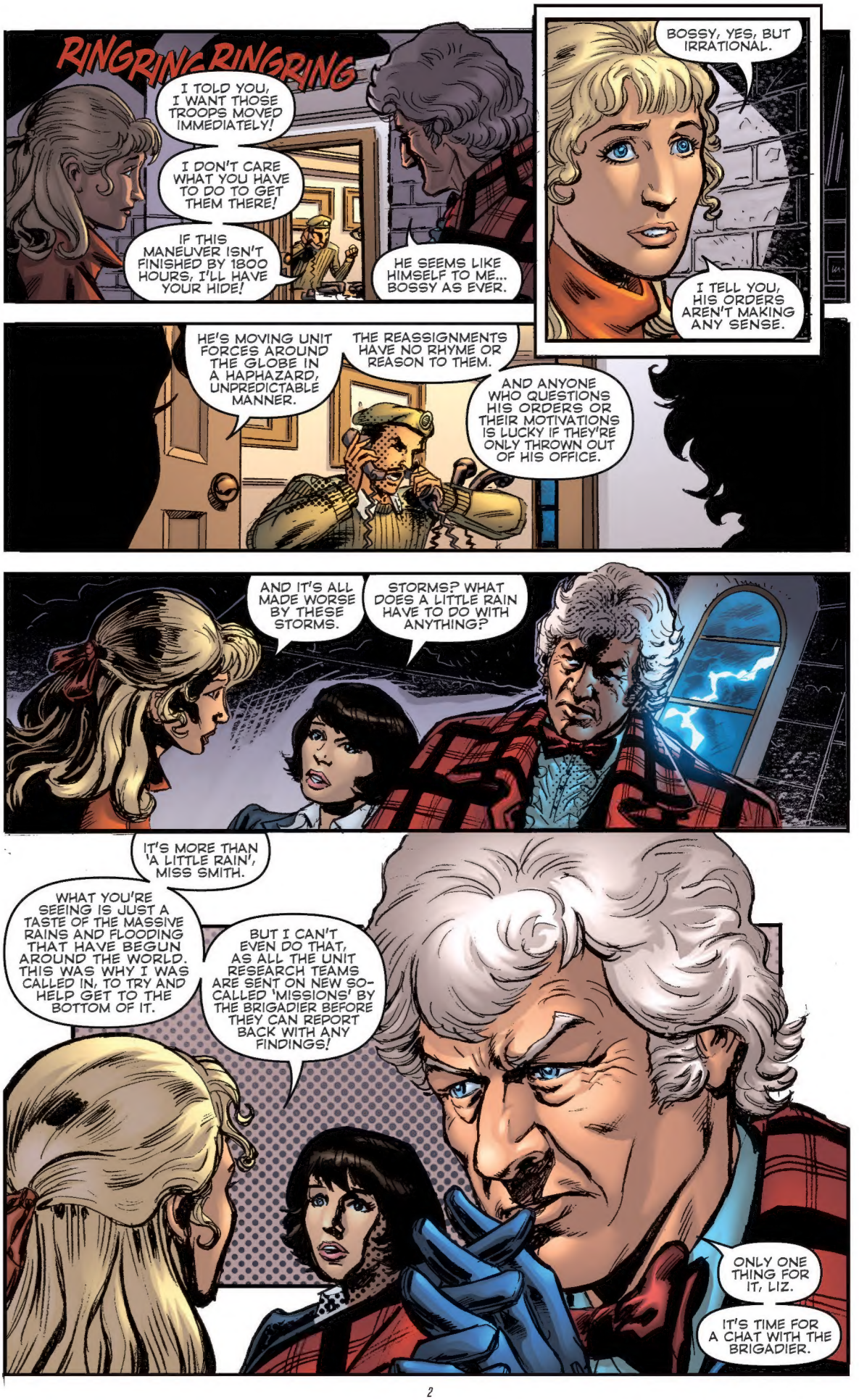
UNIT HEADQUARTERS. LONDON, ENGLAND. 1974.
KAKOOM
HELLO, LIZ.
DOCTOR! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE ARRIVED.
I WASN'T CERTAIN IF YOU'D RECEIVED MY SUMMONS!
OF COURSE I DID, MY DEAR.
UM, DOCTOR?
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE CONCERN?
OH, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, WHERE ARE MY MANNERS?
LIZ, MEET MY FRIEND SARAH JANE SMITH.
SARAH JANE, THIS IS DOCTOR ELIZABETH SHAW, FORMERLY ATTACHED TO UNIT IN A SCIENTIFIC CAPACITY...
...THOUGH I'D BEEN TOLD YOU'D RETURNED TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY?
INDEED. I WAS SUMMONED BACK TO ASSIST WITH THE CURRENT CRISIS, BUT EVEN THAT'S NOT WHY I CALLED FOR YOU.
DOCTOR, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE BRIGADIER! IT'S AS IF HE'S GONE MAD!

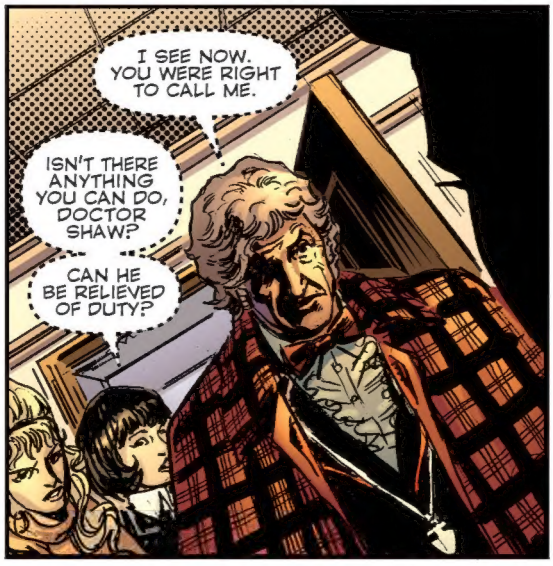

RINGRINGRINGRING
I TOLD YOU, I WANT THOSE TROOPS MOVED IMMEDIATELY!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET THEM THERE!
IF THIS MANEUVER ISN'T FINISHED BY 1800 HOURS, I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE!
HE SEEMS LIKE HIMSELF TO ME... BOSSY AS EVER.
BOSSY, YES, BUT IRRATIONAL.
I TELL YOU, HIS ORDERS AREN'T MAKING ANY SENSE.
HE'S MOVING UNIT FORCES AROUND THE GLOBE IN A HAPHAZARD, UNPREDICTABLE MANNER.
THE REASSIGNMENTS HAVE NO RHYME OR REASON TO THEM.
AND ANYONE WHO QUESTIONS HIS ORDERS OR THEIR MOTIVATIONS IS LUCKY IF THEY'RE ONLY THROWN OUT OF HIS OFFICE.
AND IT'S ALL MADE WORSE BY THESE STORMS.
STORMS? WHAT DOES A LITTLE RAIN HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
IT'S MORE THAN 'A LITTLE RAIN', MISS SMITH.
WHAT YOU'RE SEEING IS JUST A TASTE OF THE MASSIVE RAINS AND FLOODING THAT HAVE BEGUN AROUND THE WORLD. THIS WAS WHY I WAS CALLED IN, TO TRY AND HELP GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT.
BUT I CAN'T EVEN DO THAT, AS ALL THE UNIT RESEARCH TEAMS ARE SENT ON NEW SO-CALLED 'MISSIONS' BY THE BRIGADIER BEFORE THEY CAN REPORT BACK WITH ANY FINDINGS!
ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, LIZ.
IT'S TIME FOR A CHAT WITH THE BRIGADIER.

HELLO, BRIGADIER!
OH, IT'S YOU. I'VE NO TIME FOR YOU RIGHT NOW.

NO TIME?
NO TIME FOR ME? I'M HERE TO HELP, YOU KNOW.

WHAT, ARE YOU DEAF NOW?
I SAID HIT THE BRICKS, OR ELSE I'LL HAVE YOU CASHIERED!

VERY WELL.


I SEE NOW. YOU WERE RIGHT TO CALL ME.
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, DOCTOR SHAW?
CAN HE BE RELIEVED OF DUTY?

NOT WITHOUT EXPRESS EVIDENCE OF UNFITNESS FOR DUTY.
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!

YOU HEARD ME! I WANT THE TOWER OF LONDON SEALED OFF AND FLOODED, TOP TO BOTTOM!
WHAT?!

THAT'S *ENOUGH*.
I AGREE, DOCTOR.
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART, I AM DECLARING YOU UNFIT FOR DUTY AND ORDERING YOU TO UNDERGO A FULL MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

YOU HAVE NO AUTHORITY OVER ME!
I CAN HOLD HIM FOR NOW, BUT GET ME SOME HELP, WOULD YOU?

THIS IS INSUBORDINATION! *HOW DARE YOU!*
UNIT
COME, NOW, BRIGADIER, WE'LL HAVE YOU FIXED UP BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.

LATER.
NNGHH! NNNGH!
NOTHING. NOT A SINGLE THING COMES UP ON HIS BLOOD WORK.
WE MUST HAVE MISSED SOMETHING, LIZ.
I TOLD YOU!
UTTER INSUBORDINATION! I'LL HAVE YOU ALL SHOT FOR THIS!
SHOT, I SAY!
OH DEARY, DEARY ME.
SHOT!
IT'S A REMORAXIAN.
WE ARE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE.

THAT IS OUR BRIGADIER, NO QUESTION. BUT HE'S BEING CONTROLLED.
THAT THING I SAW HANGING AT THE BACK OF HIS THROAT IS THE TELLTALE SIGN OF A REMORAXIAN.
A WHAT?
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
A REMORAXIAN. IT'S A FORM OF INTERSTELLAR PARASITE.
IN SOME PARTS OF THE GALAXY, IT'S CALLED A 'SPACE REMORA', ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T LIKE THE TERM VERY MUCH.
THEY ATTACH TO A HOST BODY AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY TAKE IT OVER, ACTING ON THE COMMANDS OF THEIR GENETIC MONARCH, THE REMORAXIAN PRIME.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT.
THE REMORAXIANS MOVE FROM SYSTEM TO SYSTEM, CONSTANTLY LOOKING FOR A NEW HOME.
AND A PLANET LIKE EARTH, WHICH IS ALREADY GRACED WITH SO MUCH WATER, IS TOO CHOICE A PLUM FOR THEM NOT TO PLUCK.
IT'S ALREADY BEGUN.
WHAT'S BEGUN?
'THESE STORMS, THEY'RE ALL PART OF THE REMORAXIAN CONVERSION PROCESS.
'THEY CAN CHANGE THE ENTIRE ECOLOGY OF A PLANET TO FIT THEIR NEEDS.
'AND WHAT THEY NEED IS A WATERWORLD'.
IT ALL MAKES SENSE NOW.
WE HAVE TO STOP IT.
AND WE WILL.
BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST. LET'S GO GET OUR FRIEND BACK.

THIS IS A LITTLE SOMETHING I WHIPPED UP THAT I CALL THE DE-REMORATOR.
HOLD STILL, NOW, MY FRIEND.
THERE MAY BE JUST A LITTLE DISCOMFORT.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
DON'T LET HIM POINT THAT BLASTED THING AT ME!
I'LL HAVE ALL YOUR HIDES FOR THIS!
THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK...
WEEEDDD WEEEDDD
WEEEDDD WEEEDDD
QUICKLY! RELEASE HIM!
HHUGH! HHGUGH! KOFF KOFF KOFF!
DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING, BRIGADIER?
I REMEMBER... EVERYTHING.

UNIT HAS A NAUTICAL RESEARCH FACILITY JUST OFF THE COAST.

BEEN TRAINING DOLPHINS THERE, AMONG OTHER THINGS.

BUT THOSE... *THINGS* HAVE TAKEN IT OVER.

THERE'S SOME SORT OF... MOTHER CREATURE THERE. I CAN SEE IT IN MY MIND'S EYE.

YES, I RATHER EXPECTED THERE TO BE A REMORAXIAN PRIME IN THE VICINITY.

THEY'VE BEEN ORCHESTRATING ALL OF THIS FROM THE SEALAB.

THEY'VE BEEN DISTRIBUTING THOSE PARASITES TO UNIT OFFICERS ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

THAT'S WHY THEY HAD ME REASSIGNING PERSONNEL SO MUCH.

I'D BEEN PUTTING THOSE DEVILS IN PLACE MYSELF, DAMMIT!

TAKE IT EASY, BRIGADIER. IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT.

THAT'S SMALL COMFORT TO ME NOW.

AND THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT—HOWEVER THEY'RE CHANGING THE WEATHER, IT'S ALL BEING CONTROLLED FROM THERE, TOO.

THEY WON'T STOP UNTIL THE OCEANS RISE ABOVE THE VERY TREES!

I KNOW. I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN. BUT WE'RE ON TO THEM NOW.

WHOI

I'VE ORDERED A FULL ASSAULT ON OUR SEABASE.
I'VE ALSO TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF ORDERING A LITTLE SOMETHING OF YOURS OUT OF MOTHBALLS, SO THAT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET THERE EVEN FASTER.
YOU DO THINK OF EVERYTHING, BRIGADIER.
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART! BRIGADIER!
DOCTOR, THIS IS AGENT PAUL FROM THE AMERICAN CIA.
I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO IMPRESS UPON YOU HOW CONCERNED THE UNITED STATES IS ABOUT THIS SITUATION, BRIGADIER.
I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO ACCOMPANY YOUR 'DOCTOR' ON THIS INITIAL CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY.
AND I'D LOVE TO TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, AGENT PAUL, BUT I'M AFRAID MY CAR ONLY SEATS TWO.
WVO 2M
HOOOOOSH
COME ON, AGENT.
YOU'RE RIDING WITH US.

THE CIA IS INVOLVED?
I HAVE TO CONFESS, DOCTOR, THAT CONCERNS ME NEARLY AS MUCH AS THESE PARASITES.
OH, NOT TO WORRY, SARAH JANE. A LITTLE EXTRA ASSISTANCE NEVER HURT ANYONE.
AFTER ALL, WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'LL BE FACING ABOVE?
GET YOUR HANDS UP!
CERTAINLY, MY BOY.
WEEEOOO WEEEOOO WEEEOOO
HHGUGH! KOFF KOFF KOFF!
HHGUGH! KOFF KOFF KOFF!
HHGUGH! KOFF KOFF KOFF!
HHGUGH! KOFF KOFF KOFF!
UGH. MORE OF THEM, EH?
SHAME YOU COULDN'T OUTFIT US WITH A FEW MORE OF THOSE.
LUCKILY, IT SEEMS TO HAVE AN AREA EFFECT, WHICH IS JUST AS EFFICIENT.
STAY CLOSE, AND I'LL LEAD THE WAY.

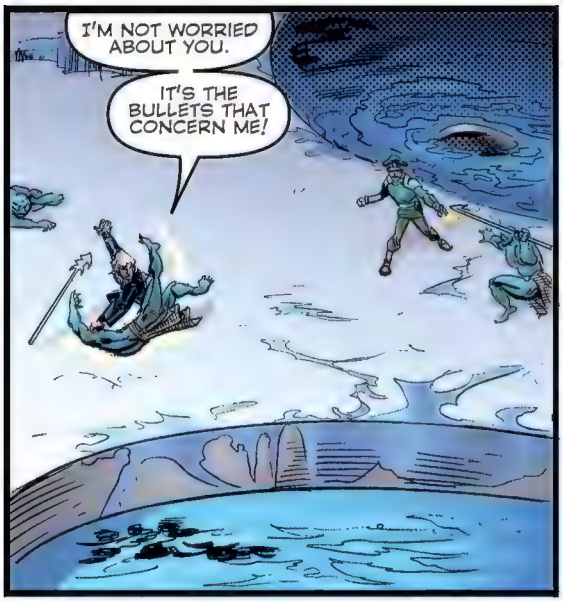
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING, DOCTOR?
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, WHATEVER WE'RE LOOKING FOR WOULD LIKE TO BE AS FAR FROM THE SURFACE AS POSSIBLE. WHICH MEANS WE GO DOWN.
AM I RIGHT, BRIGADIER?
YES.
YES, I THINK SO.
ON YOUR GUARD NOW.
WE'RE BOUND TO ENCOUNTER RESISTANCE AT SOME POINT.

GOOD LORD!
'RESISTANCE', EH?

THWUCK
GLUB!

BLAM
BLAM
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE FIRING BACK THERE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DOCTOR!
BLAM
KRACK


I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
IT'S THE BULLETS THAT CONCERN ME!

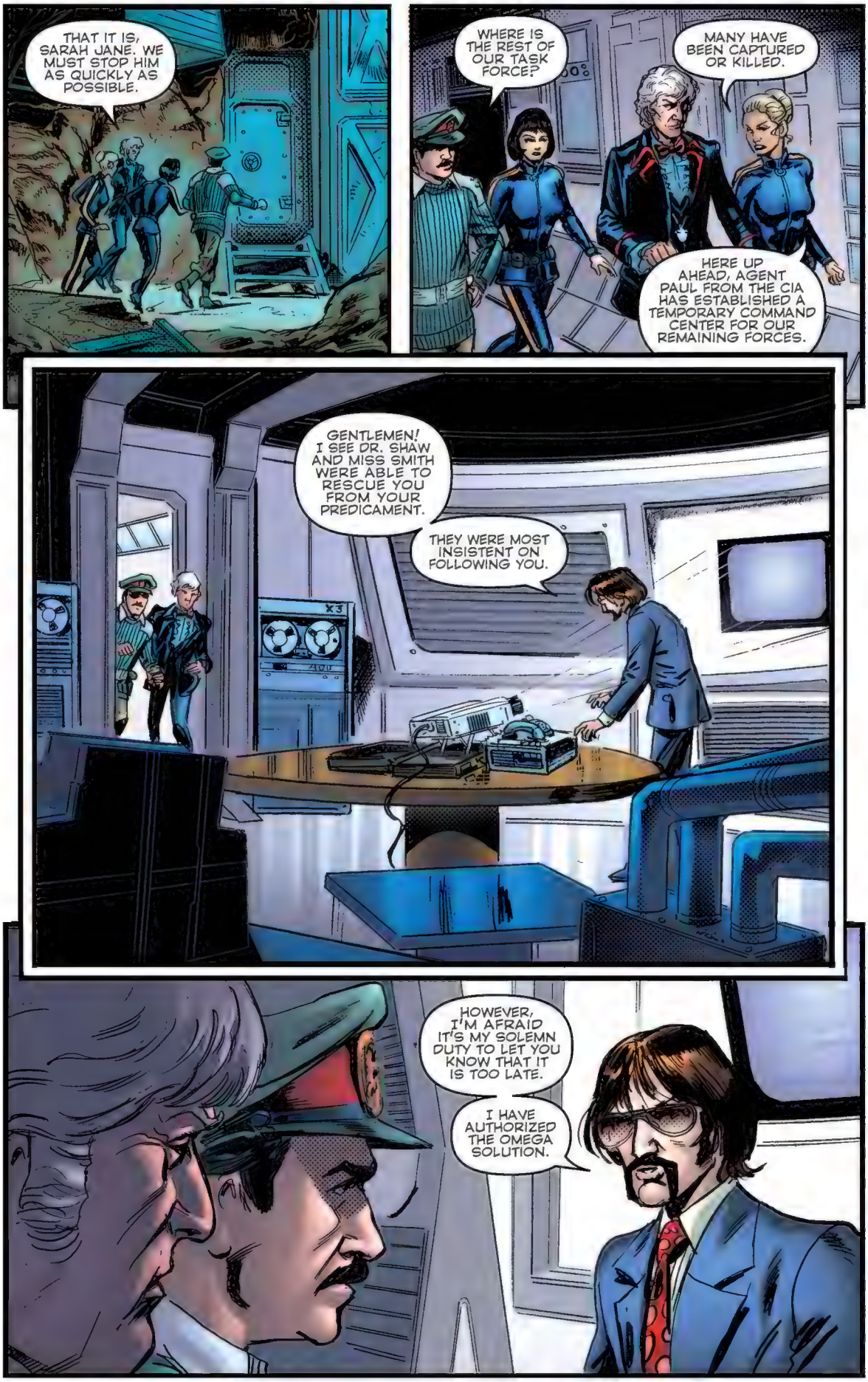
LOOK OUT!

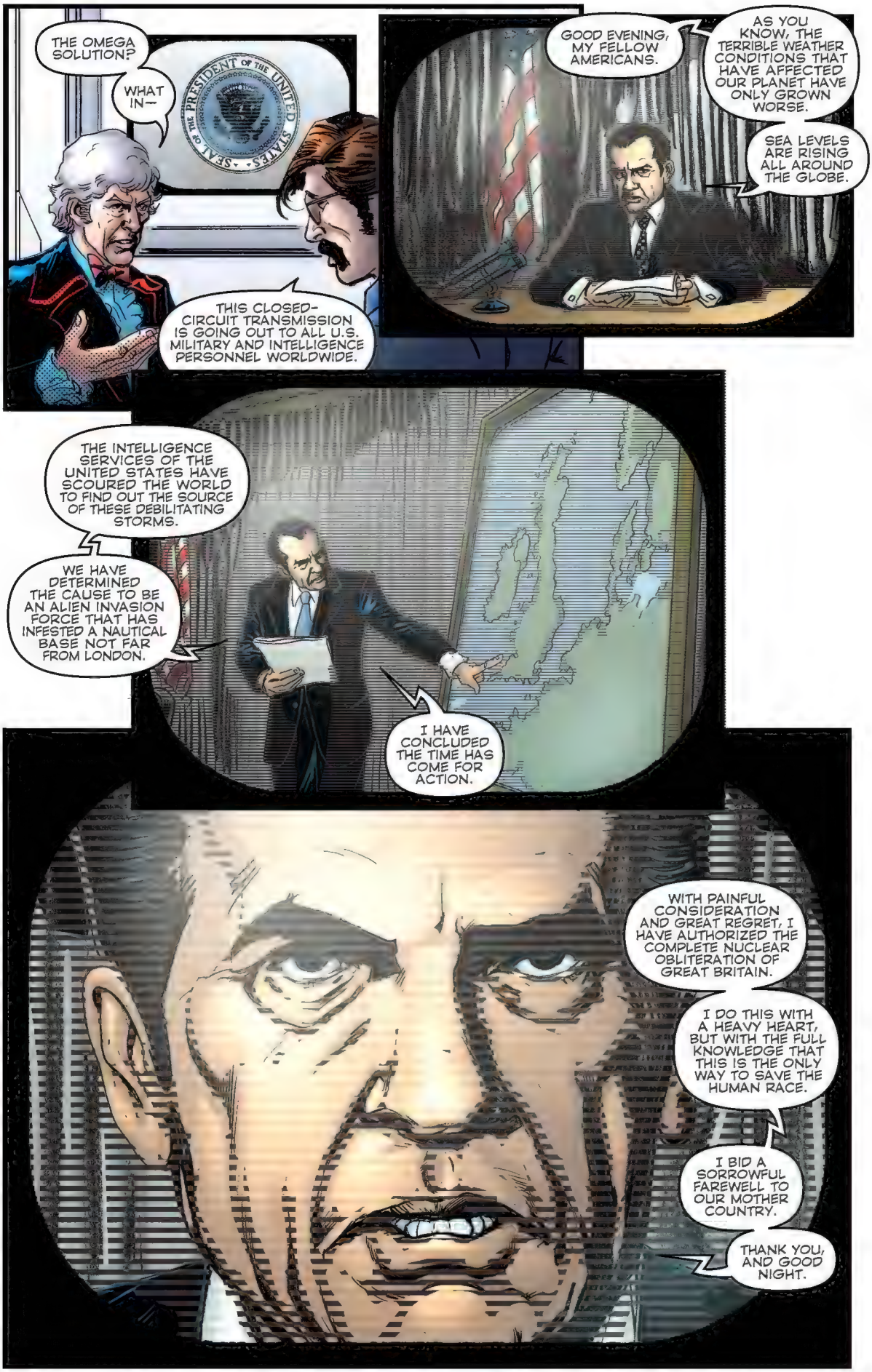
YEAARGH!
LETHBRIDGE-STEWART!
WHOOA!

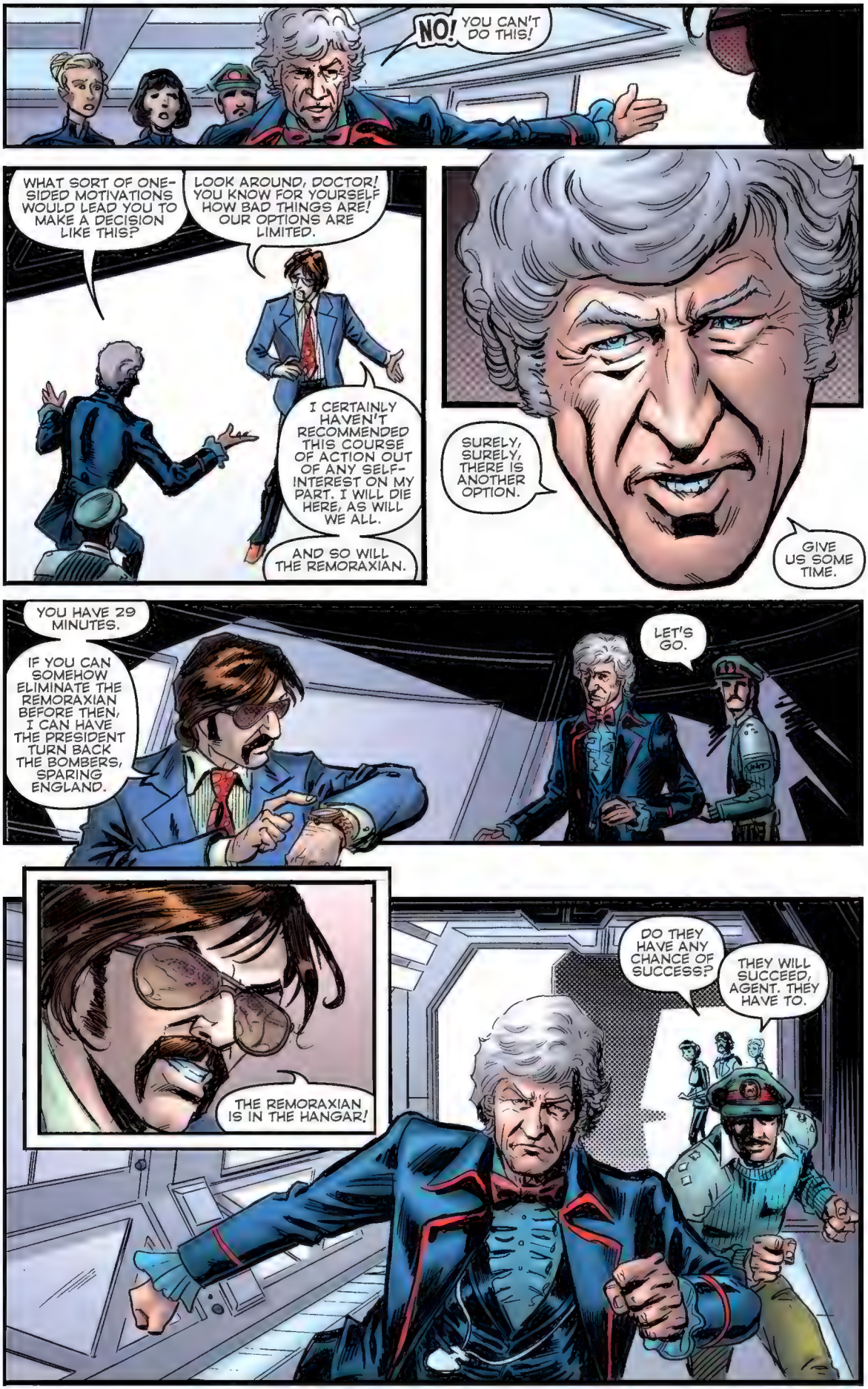
BLAARGH
GASP
WELL, WELL. LOOK WHAT MY SQUID DRAGGED IN.
AREN'T YOU A TIME LORD?
YOU CAN CALL ME THE DOCTOR.
YOU MUST BE THE REMORAXIAN PRIME.
I AM INDEED.
AND I MUST TELL YOU–I'M SO LOOKING FORWARD TO MAKING THIS PLANET MY OWN.
IT'S ALREADY NEARLY A WATERWORLD AS IS, AND WITH JUST A LITTLE BIT OF EFFORT ON MY PART, IT WILL BE A PERFECT AQUATIC PARADISE FOR ME.
AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT AS IF YOU GROUNDWALKERS ARE DOING MUCH WITH THE PLACE.
WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE FIRST CENTURY OR SO CLEANING UP YOUR MESSES.
JUST THE POLLUTANTS COMING FROM THIS SEABASE OF YOURS ALONE ARE AN ABSOLUTE TRAVESTY.
YOU MADE IT RATHER EASY FOR US TO MAKE LOTS OF FRIENDS HERE, AS YOU HAVE DISCOVERED FIRSTHAND.
THE WATER DENIZENS OF THIS WORLD HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE SOME REVENGE ON YOU SURFACE DWELLERS.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE WAYS OF YOU REMORAXIANS.
DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT I'LL STAND BY AND LET YOU FLOOD THIS PLANET?
DO YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE I'LL LET YOUR PLAN TO TAKE OVER THE EARTH SUCCEED?
HEH. IN FACT, DOCTOR, WHAT I THINK IS THAT YOU AND THE BRIGADIER HERE WILL DO LITTLE MORE THAN DROWN.
GLUB!
GLUB!
BAH! I HAD HOPED THAT A TIME LORD WOULD BE A WORTHY OPPONENT. DISAPPOINTED!

MY WORD!
TRULY REMARKABLE! THE BRIGADIER AND I OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU TWO!
WE'RE SO GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO HELP.
WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ALONG AND WATCHING YOU BOTH ALONG THE WAY. WE HAD A FEELING THAT YOU'D NEED ASSISTANCE AT SOME POINT.
THAT REMORAXIAN PRIME... WHAT IT'S PLANNING... IT'S SIMPLY UNTHINKABLE, DOCTOR.
UNIT

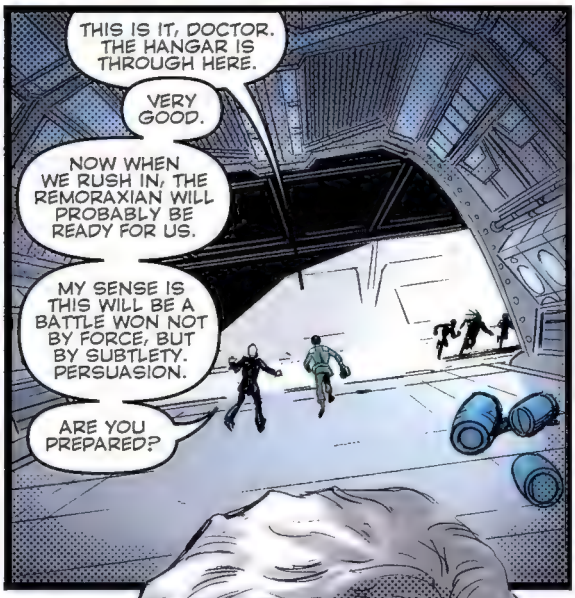

THAT IT IS, SARAH JANE. WE MUST STOP HIM AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.
WHERE IS THE REST OF OUR TASK FORCE?
MANY HAVE BEEN CAPTURED OR KILLED.
HERE UP AHEAD, AGENT PAUL FROM THE CIA HAS ESTABLISHED A TEMPORARY COMMAND CENTER FOR OUR REMAINING FORCES.
GENTLEMEN! I SEE DR. SHAW AND MISS SMITH WERE ABLE TO RESCUE YOU FROM YOUR PREDICAMENT.
THEY WERE MOST INSISTENT ON FOLLOWING YOU.
HOWEVER, I'M AFRAID IT'S MY SOLEMN DUTY TO LET YOU KNOW THAT IT IS TOO LATE.
I HAVE AUTHORIZED THE OMEGA SOLUTION.


THE OMEGA SOLUTION?
WHAT IN—
SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
THIS CLOSED-CIRCUIT TRANSMISSION IS GOING OUT TO ALL U.S. MILITARY AND INTELLIGENCE PERSONNEL WORLDWIDE.
GOOD EVENING, MY FELLOW AMERICANS.
AS YOU KNOW, THE TERRIBLE WEATHER CONDITIONS THAT HAVE AFFECTED OUR PLANET HAVE ONLY GROWN WORSE.
SEA LEVELS ARE RISING ALL AROUND THE GLOBE.
THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICES OF THE UNITED STATES HAVE SCOURED THE WORLD TO FIND OUT THE SOURCE OF THESE DEBILITATING STORMS.
WE HAVE DETERMINED THE CAUSE TO BE AN ALIEN INVASION FORCE THAT HAS INFESTED A NAUTICAL BASE NOT FAR FROM LONDON.
I HAVE CONCLUDED THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION.
WITH PAINFUL CONSIDERATION AND GREAT REGRET, I HAVE AUTHORIZED THE COMPLETE NUCLEAR OBLITERATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.
I DO THIS WITH A HEAVY HEART, BUT WITH THE FULL KNOWLEDGE THAT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE HUMAN RACE.
I BID A SORROWFUL FAREWELL TO OUR MOTHER COUNTRY.
THANK YOU, AND GOOD NIGHT.

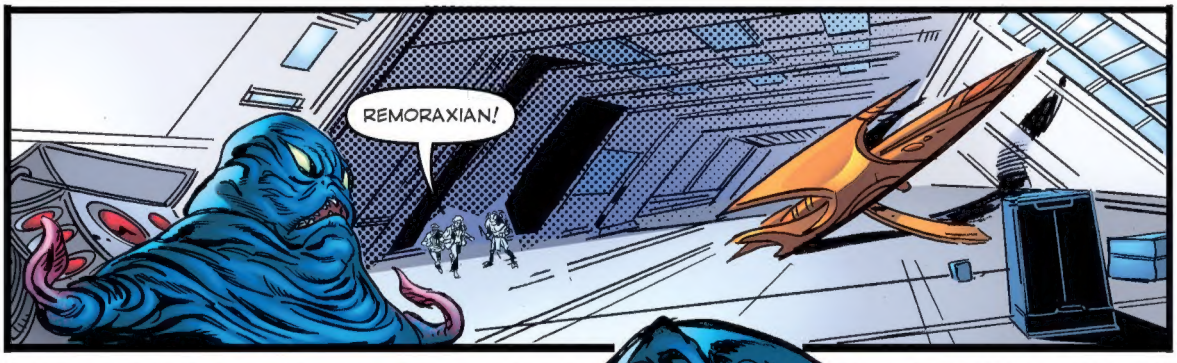

NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
WHAT SORT OF ONE-SIDED MOTIVATIONS WOULD LEAD YOU TO MAKE A DECISION LIKE THIS?
LOOK AROUND, DOCTOR! YOU KNOW FOR YOURSELF HOW BAD THINGS ARE! OUR OPTIONS ARE LIMITED.
I CERTAINLY HAVEN'T RECOMMENDED THIS COURSE OF ACTION OUT OF ANY SELF-INTEREST ON MY PART. I WILL DIE HERE, AS WILL WE ALL.
AND SO WILL THE REMORAXIAN.
SURELY, SURELY, THERE IS ANOTHER OPTION.
GIVE US SOME TIME.
YOU HAVE 29 MINUTES.
IF YOU CAN SOMEHOW ELIMINATE THE REMORAXIAN BEFORE THEN, I CAN HAVE THE PRESIDENT TURN BACK THE BOMBERS, SPARING ENGLAND.
LET'S GO.
THE REMORAXIAN IS IN THE HANGAR!
DO THEY HAVE ANY CHANCE OF SUCCESS?
THEY WILL SUCCEED, AGENT. THEY HAVE TO.

HOW MANY OF THESE BLASTED THINGS ARE THERE?
THE REMORAXIANS ARE FAMOUS FOR THE LOYALTY OF THEIR MINIONS.
GLUB!
THAK
KRACK
GLUB!

WE'VE BEEN IN SOME TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE, DOCTOR, BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
WE'RE FACING A DOUBLE ARMAGEDDON!
NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION... OR A WATERY END OF THE WORLD!
WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET! MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED!


THIS IS IT, DOCTOR. THE HANGAR IS THROUGH HERE.
VERY GOOD.
NOW WHEN WE RUSH IN, THE REMORAXIAN WILL PROBABLY BE READY FOR US.
MY SENSE IS THIS WILL BE A BATTLE WON NOT BY FORCE, BUT BY SUBTLETY. PERSUASION.
ARE YOU PREPARED?

AS READY AS I'LL EVER BE.
BRIGADIER.


REMORAXIAN!

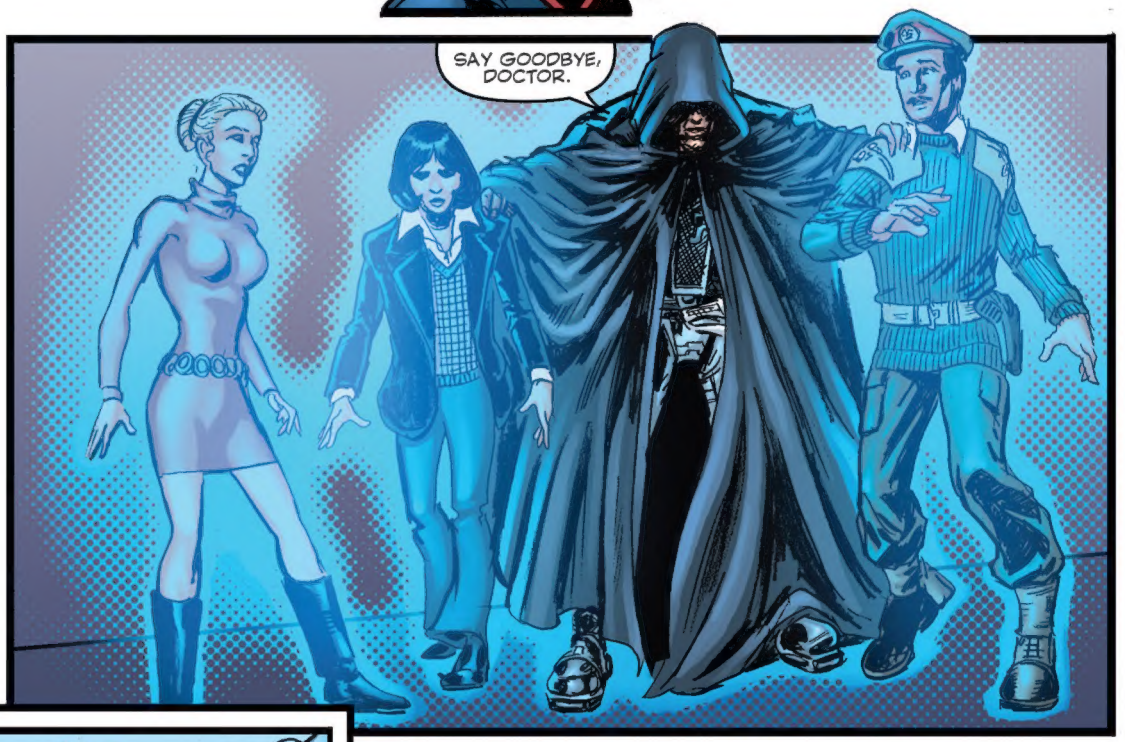
WE MEET AGAIN, GENTLEMEN.
I SHOULD NOT HAVE TOYED WITH YOU EARLIER.
OUTSIZED MELODRAMATIC COERCION AND MENACING ALWAYS PROVE TO BE MY UNDOING.

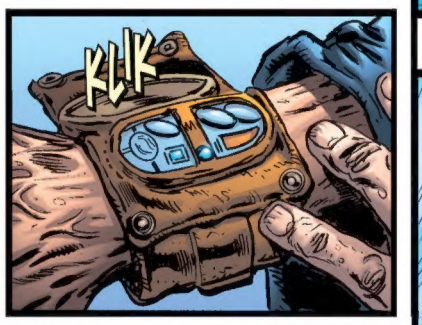
IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, REMORAXIAN. WE'RE ALL DOOMED.

WILL THEY REALLY DO IT?
OBLITERATE THIS ENTIRE ISLAND, SACRIFICING THEIR PEOPLE?

HAVE NO DOUBT.
WE LIVE WITH THE THREAT OF MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION EVERY DAY.
WE'RE USED TO IT.

WELL, THEN. I HAVE BEEN OUTMANOEUVRED, IT SEEMS. A SHAME.
GOOD DAY TO YOU BOTH.
MAY WE MEET AGAIN, TIME LORD, BUT NEXT TIME IN A MILIEU I FIND MORE FAVOURABLE.
DO WE JUST LET THEM GO?
THE SOONER THEY'RE GONE, THE BETTER A CHANCE WE HAVE OF CONVINCING PAUL TO TURN AROUND THOSE BOMBERS.
WELL, DOCTOR, WE HAVE ONCE AGAIN SUCCESSFULLY PREVENTED AN ALIEN INVASION.
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK, EH?
I'D RATHER THIS SORT OF THING BECAME A LITTLE LESS ROUTINE, BRIGADIER.
I'M CALLING OFF THE BOMBERS.
YES.
YES, YOU DO THAT.



END OF CHAPTER 3.

# REFLECTIONS OF TIME

Wherein prominent Whovians past and present muse upon the Doctor's history in comic form.

As the television show *Doctor Who* approaches its 50th anniversary, it's worth remembering that November 2013 will also celebrate another anniversary—the 49th of the adventures of the Doctor in comic-strip form. Oh yes, indeed, 14th November 1964 saw the publication of the first instalment of 'The Klepton Parasites' in the British weekly *TV Comic*, starting an unbroken run of stories and resulting in the series being the longest-running comic strip based on a TV show in the world.

The stories featured the First Doctor and the unique-to-the-strip companions John and Gillian, his pre-teen grandchildren. *TV Comic*, you see, was very much aimed at that market, younger girls and boys for whom television was still a luxurious novelty which they could watch cartoons and adventure shows on. So the *Doctor Who* strip reflected that youthfulness—and although the stories were often fun, colourful, and witty, they were also rather simplistic and, frankly, daft. This theme continued through the Second Doctor and early Third Doctor strips until, in 1971, in issue 999 of *TV Comic*, the strip ended. Not because *Doctor Who* wasn't popular, but because it was too popular.

Therefore the publishers created a new weekly science-fiction-themed comic called *Countdown*, and *Doctor Who* was the heart and soul of that new publication. *Countdown* was aimed more at 10- to 14-year-olds, and the strip changed to accommodate that, thus beginning the maturity and incredible storytelling that all of today's 2013 comic strips owe their heritage to. Written by the likes of Dick O'Neill and Dennis Hooper and drawn by Gerry Haylock, Frank Langford, and Harry Lindfield, the Third Doctor strips, whilst not being tied too closely into what was being seen on screen at the time, still consisted of adventures that would not patronise or belittle their audience. Science fiction really had not been this much fun before.

The whimsy and outrageous nonsense that never truly 'felt' like *Doctor Who* in *TV Comic* was gone—and in its place, adventure and thrills were commonplace. However, the sci-fi basis of *Countdown* soon had to reflect the action-thriller shows of the mid-1970s and the magazine changed its name to accommodate this, becoming *TV Action*. Nevertheless, the *Doctor Who* strip maintained a steadfast high quality despite this, and when *TV Action* went the way of the dodo around Christmas 1973 and *Doctor Who* returned to its original home in *TV Comic*, that grown-up feel remained. Indeed, other than a slight blip towards the end of the '70s, it resisted the rest of *TV Comic*'s lure of childishness, and those Third and Fourth Doctor strips in *TV Comic* are absolutely the jewels in its crown.

Ultimately, Marvel Comics' UK division made a successful bid to take *Doctor Who* away from *TV Comic*, and in 1979 *Doctor Who Weekly* was launched, the comic strip a central focus of the magazine—where it remains today in the renamed *Doctor Who Magazine*.

So as you read today's *Doctor Who* strips which clearly echo and celebrate the show that spawned them, be eternally grateful to those trail-blazing Third Doctor strips from *Countdown* and *TV Action*—because without them, the viability of a good, intelligent, and sophisticated *Doctor Who* IDW comic book might never have been proven.

—Gary Russell,
author, former BBC Drama script editor, former *Doctor Who Magazine* editor,
and producer for Big Finish Productions